THE CRISIS.

NUMBER LXIII. *To be continued Weekly,*
DURING THE PRESENT BLOODY CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

SATURDAY, *March* 30, 1776. [Price Two-pence Halfpenny

Th' abuſe of *Greatneſs* is, when it diſjoins
Remorſe from *Power*.----

I SHALL confine my preſent thoughts chiefly to the *tyranny* of government, not in the leaſt intimidated or convinced by the elaborate Doctor *Johnſon's ipſe dixit*, or by the Reverend Mr. *Weſley's* pontifical *Amen*. The Doctor may beſmear the truth with ſophiſtry, the maſter of arts may follow him with his prieſtly *trowel*, cloſing chinks, bnt truth will ſtill prevail; neither pedant, enthuſiaſt, jeſuit or a *Mansfield*, can diſguiſe her long. They may audaciouſly take upon them (like the *Devil* in Milton) "*to make the worſe appear the better part*; but their wicked labours muſt be loſt, their fallacies muſt be detected, their infamous toils will be recorded, and their memories muſt be offenſive to poſterity.

Where is the man of reaſon or education (except the ſervile *Weſley*) who will expoſe himſelf to univerſal deriſion and contempt by denying this eternal truth: "That governments are inſtituted, not for the ſake of *governors*, but of the *governed*?---Yet Mr. *Weſley* in his calm addreſs (p. 10.) is not aſhamed to aſſert the contrary: he has the ignorance and the impudence to tell us, that our *all*, "our lives, our liberties, and our properties are, *without our conſent*, at the abſolute diſpoſal of king and parliament.---Neither *Mansfield* nor *Johnſon*, have ventured ſo far: They have told us, however, that it behoves us now to contend with *America*, not to ſupport our *right* (for that has been given up) but to maintain our *power*.

This is the grand principle of *tyranny*, this the vantage-ground (as *Lord Bacon* ſays) upon which every *deſpot* erects his bulwark againſt the liberties of the *people*. Upon this tremendous eminence flamed the bloody ſwords of *Cæſar*, *Phillip Alexander* and the mad *Swede Charles*. Our *Charles* the firſt was ſtruggling to aſcend it, but fell in the attempt; that deteſted monarch, that real maſs of perjury, ambition and

and *pious hypocriſy*, was not permitted by providence to ſatiate himſelf with *Engliſh blood*; with all the theory of *tyranny* at heart, he was but a pigmy in ſucceſs to the *Roman*, the two *Macedonians*, and the *Swede*. Theſe *deſpots* like the *fat* infatuated *Nimrod* of our day, were hunters of mankind, flattered by deſigning, ſelfiſh, ſycophants into falſe ideas of *princely greatneſs* (they aſpired to be *Gods*, they thought, (as Mr. *Wesley* inſtructs his *ſaints*) that every ſubject held his life his liberty and property, at their diſpoſal, this was their *creed*, and they ſhewed their political *faith*, by their infernal *works*. Inflated with pride, and burning with an infatiable luſt of *power*; they carried diſolation, like a whirldwind, thro' the globe, like the tyrants of our nation, they provoked the reſiſtance of the innocent, that they might indulge the kingly paſſion of revenge, they placed the glory of all ſoverignty (as we do) not in *ſubordination* but in *ſlavery*, not in *ſubmiſſion*, but in *carnage*, they rejected (like us) all *ſupplication*, till they had depopulated the countries which they choſe to ravage. From them we have learned to prefer the tribute of *ſlaves* to the benevolence of *freemen*, to follow the moſt unjuſt demands with inhuman *perſeverance*; and without the colour or pretence of *right*, to invade with all our power, and to exterminate without remorſe.

Thus do *Britons* (once magnanimous) follow the odious example of barbarous *ambition* and heathen *pride*, in an enlightened age, and a chriſtian country.

All civilized nations muſt think this the reign not of a *Brunſwick* but of an *Amurath*. We are now in the midſt of a civil war with *America*, from whence it is agreed on all hands that no public *good* can poſſibly ariſe. Whether we conquer or are conquered, the deciſion muſt be equally fatal to the intereſts of Great Britain. We never ſhall, we cannot conquer (ſo truly brave is the *american* ſpirit) without extermination; if that could be effected (which is impoſſible) what kind of dominion would the crown of England have to boaſt of upon that Continent? let every reader anſwer this queſtion for himſelf---Our *miniſtry* after one unſucceſsful attempt upon the liberties of *America* by *famine*, *ſword*, and *fire*, have found themſelves *deceived*---They have confeſſed this in the Houſe of Commons; nay more, they have been miſled by ignorance and miſinformation, the conſequence has been the loſs of the very flower of the Britiſh army; there is now an handful of brave (but diſgraced) forces left in *America*, the poor remains of thouſands.

The Miniſter has, at laſt, been fairly beaten off his ground, he has with ſhame and reluctance, given up the *right of taxing America*, (at leaſt *pro tempore*) and declares now, that *England* does not contend for *taxation*, but for *power*; theſe were *Lord North's* words lately in the Houſe of Commons, all that his lordſhip could mean by this was (if put in plain *Engliſh*) that *adminiſtration* did not *now* mean *indirectly* to attack the *treaſures*, but *directly* to attack the *throats* of the *Americans*. The miniſterial hackneys (*Johnſon* at their head) join in the united cry, that the conteſt wite *America* now, is for power only. The midnight-murderer is ſatisfyed with a purſe, the *miniſterial cut-throats* expect a revenue, but from whence is this annual, this perpetual ſtream to iſſue? when a people are extinct, or reduced to a ſtate of *ſlavery*, *cultivation* muſt ceaſe of courſe, that being the baſis of all national wealth, the rivers of wine and oil can no longer flow, when the fountain head is dry; it cannot therefore, be the hope of annual plunder, it is the ſpur of vindictive pride that goads us on, it is unjuſt, irrational and impious, a deſire of ſubduing, not only the perſons and ſpirits, but of extinguiſhing the deteſted name and race of *Engliſhmen* in *America*, for what crime are they thus viſited by every calamity of invaſion

and

and relentleſs war? for adhering to principles which brought the preſent family from a ſmall *German Electorate* to the crown of *England*, to the ſovereignty of a great nation, to more wealth, honour, and magnificence than the greateſt *German prince* ever had a conception of, who had not travelled. In that little *Electorate*, *thirty thouſand* men is the largeſt number, (including youth and age) which can be raiſed throughout all the territories, upon the moſt urgent neceſſity; yet ſo prodigal is the preſent elector of *Engliſh blood*, that near that number has been already ſacrificed to the demon *revenge* upon the continent of *America*; ſacrificed in ſubverſion and defiance, not only of the principles, but of the *rights* of *Britons*, ſettled at the glorious revolution.

This moſt unwarrantable, attrocious and daring invaſion, has been ſteadily enforced by *perſeverance* and *perſecution* on the one hand, and as bravely repelled by the trueſt ſpirit of inſulted *liberty* on the other; has not a ſavage kind of *pride* impelled a rapacious *adminiſtration* to act ever againſt their own individual *intereſt?* I do not take the conſideration of their *country* into the account, when I ſay this, but I conſider (as they do) *ſelf* alone. On a more extended view I ſhould aſk, whether *America* is not a child of commerce, and a horn of plenty to Great Britain? is ſhe not the great ſupport of all our *Weſt India* colonies in general? can they exiſt without her? is ſhe not the nurſe and ſupplier of our navy? is ſhe not able to produce ſuch materials for its conſtruction and ſupport as we can no longer procure from thoſe countrys which uſed to ſupply us? can our dock yards be conveniently furniſhed with *timber*, from *Hanover*? or will the *rum*, *beer*, and *bacon* (the ſtaple commodities of that *electorate*) preſerve the vaſt numbers of our plantation-negroes in the *Weſt-Indies* from famine, and their maſters from inevitable ruin? will not theſe colonies be wiſe enough to throw themſelves under the protection of *America*, who can feed them? If the conſequence of this revolt ſhould be extinction by more *Britiſh maſſacres*, an inſtant death will be preferable to a lingering one. I would tell our *deſpot* upon his throne, at the head of his venal parliament, that it would be cruelty to ſpare them, unleſs they ſhould fall victims to his revengeful ſword, *famine* will force them to prey upon each other. In ſuch a caſe diſolution would be mercy, and the utmoſt efforts of tyrannic power would be tenderneſs to the ſubject; but when the potent arm of *majeſty* is extended (as in ſuffering *America*) to check induſtry, to blaſt cultivation, to ruin commerce, to deſtroy whole riſing fertile colonies, to eſtabliſh unjuſt demands (if poſſible) by the extinction of the human race: when the *Britiſh parliament*, once accuſtomed to protect, turn the violaters of *Britiſh rights*, and a paternal *ſenate* is transformed, at the back of a corrupting *miniſter*, into a hellish *pandæmonium*, what tongues, what pens, what *ſwords*, but thoſe of mercenary *aliens*, are fit to ſerve them? ſuch *ſwords* have been at length procured; for aſſaſinated *America* has not yet been "*looked into ſubmiſſion?*" as Lord North prophelyed, by a conſiderable army of the very beſt of our Britiſh troops; nor will ſhe be *dragooned*; (for it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould ever be completely conquered) by the more tremendous appearance of *foreigners*, with larger hats, and harder faces. Theſe German banditti let out like cattle, by their deſpotic maſters for this ſlaughterous purpoſe) will ſerve to make the ſoil of *America* more fertile.

How happy is England in her *German* connections, and in her near alliance with the Landgrave of *Heſſe-Caſſel?* what immence revenues is that *army-jobbing* prince likely to receive for hire of his *Germanic wolves* to lay a country in diſolation, where the *Britiſh lion* has roared in

in vain? to the honour of Great Britain theſe butcherly ſons of death will, I hope, meet their deſerved fate under a foreign commander in *chief*. *No Engliſh officer* wiſhes either to command, or to aſſiſt them; on the contrary, they are all making excuſes, ſelling out at any loſs, reſigning, or abſolutely refuſing, and perſiſting in ſuch refuſal, at any hazard; in truth it is a ſervice fit only for *ſavages* and *Germans*, who are let out by their *deſpotic owners*, in cool blood, for the perpetrating of *regal and imperial murder*.

Such are the venal inſtruments now to be uſed (for the edge of *Britons* is taken off) againſt *America*. We can neither raiſe forces of our own for this execrable purpoſe, nor ſpare thoſe we have remaining. The truth is, they do not only murmur already at the ſervice, but they have in *America* been more then once upon the brink of mutiny, and of laying down their arms, no notice has yet been taken of this in the *royal gazette*; but it is a fact. Our *American generals* who have ſo judiciouſly *ſtunk* out of the *American* buſineſs, would tell us ſo, if they dared.---but their ſervice is neceſſary in England to inſtruct and inform a *trembling adminiſtration*, and to aſſert, deny, miſrepreſent, diſguiſe, and colour over, (as they ſhall be directed) as often as enquiries diſagreeable to the *miniſter* ſhall be ſet on foot in the Houſe of Commons; for this purpoſe our admirals too have been ſuffered to return, I verily believe much to their ſatisfaction.

A further reaſon for keeping uſeful troops and officers at home is, that they will ſhortly be neceſſary to defend *Great Britain*, againſt the united forces of *France and Spain*.---A *Mansfield*, (lawyers have ever been the ſhalloweſt politicians) would ſmile at this ſuggeſtion; I know, our wiſe, unſuſpecting *adminiſtration* are all *confidence*; but *England* will ſoon be all *confuſion*---*France* and *Spain* will ſtrike. Had the ſame implacable, unrelenting ſpirit appeared againſt them in the laſt war, as rages now againſt our own vitals in *America*, we had bowed them to the duſt, but with our natural and exhauſted enemies we *negociate*, and againſt our *ſupplicating ſubjects* we *perſevere*. *America* is to be cruſhed at all event, if poſſible; becauſe, "*unleſs we get the better of her* (ſays Lord *Mansfield*) *ſhe will get the better of us*.---And in ſo juſt a cauſe, it is but fit ſhe ſhould, if we ſtill continue to *perſevere*,

However, here is a plain confeſſion from Lord *Mansfield* (the mouth of Lord *Bute*) that the attack now to be renewed againſt *America*, is for *power*, and for *power* only; this is the ſpirit of *tyranny* in perfection; what can be a truer diſinition of *deſpotiſm* then that it is an arbitary exertion of *power*, without *right*? the right as I ſaid before is given up, at leaſt for the preſent; and the *miniſter* himſelf has declared, that the conteſt now is for *power* merely.

In the caſe of *America* every ſolemn profeſſion ſhe has made, diſavowing her intent of *independance*, has (like her repeated ſupplications) been diſregarded, on the other hand, *royal* and *miniſterial* jealouſies have prevailed, and ſtill more formidable *armaments* are to be ſent againſt a people, who have repeatedly offered to grant all we can aſk, provided we will ſuffer them to give and grant *their own*, in in the ſame manner the reſt of his majeſty's ſubjects do; they deſire only

only to be permitted to enjoy the ſame rights as they did in the year 1763, when their perſecution by the ſtamp act firſt commenced, upon being reſtored to the ſame ſtate in which they ſtood at that period, they declare themſelves ready to lay down their arms at the Kings feet, which they have been compelled to take up in their own defence: theſe they have uſed with the greateſt magnanimity, temper and humanity, in the juſteſt cauſe; with the admiration and aplauſe of all mankind, one deteſted *junto*, with their corrup dependants, alone expected,

This contiued *perſeverance* againſt *America* is irrational, ſavage and unjuſt, becauſe it is meant, confeſſedly not to determine the point of *right*, (for that is waved for the preſent) but merely the point of *power*. Such a principle might have obtained among the untutored, barbarous *Picts*, but ill becomes the cultivated *Briton*; lions, tygers, bears, and wolves, rely on *ſtrength*; but civilized man in every conteſt ſhould conſult his *reaſon*, does *reaſon* prompt us firſt to wave our *rigat*, and then contend for *victory*? for a moment, ſuppoſe it did; yet we are ſtill miſtaken, our infernal paſſion of *revenge* has blinded and miſled us. The conteſt upon the plan we now purſue it, will not determine even this favourite point of *power*; we are attempting to ſubdue *America* not by the proper ſtrength of Great Britain, but by *hired foreign* forces; will ſuch *mercenaries* be for ever ready to aſſiſt us? can we be ſure of obtaining their aid upon every future rupture with *America*? or do we flatter ourſelves that theſe *German cut-throats*, will ſtrike the deciſive blow at once? ſuppoſe they could; can this be called the *power* of Great Britain? ſurely not, what then will be determined by this puſillanimous, diſgraceful mode of conqueſt? not the magnanimity and *power* of the Engliſh nation, but the cruelty and tyranny of an *Engliſh king*; the baſeneſs, ſervility, treachery, and *treaſon* of a corrupt *junto* in a Britiſh parliament.

By the *loan* of *German Butchers* the ſame deſpotic ſtandard, which has been already dyed with the brave and guiltleſs blood of *America*, may and perhaps will, be reared in England; thoſe who are weak enough to doubt it, muſt be ſtrangers to the human heart, to the pride of *kings*, and but little verſed in hiſtory. Under this ſtandard of unlimited, preſumptious and rapacious *majeſty*, what devaſtations would not be made? what blood would not be ſpilt? what property would not be graſped? what liberties would not be trampled on? The *hand* would be the *king's*, the *will* would be (as it now is) the *miniſters*, Lord *Bute*, the actual miniſter, would then no longer lurk in holes and corners he would ſcorn to do his buſineſs any longer by his proxy *Mansfield*; he would break forth from his chamber, like the *ſun*, and rejoice "like a *giant* to run his courſe." a packed parliament would crouch to him, the mute and ſervile regiſters of his deſpotic *edicts*: in which *Wolſey's* triumphant *egotiſm* (*I; and my king*) would glare at us in audacious capitals. But the ſovereign *will and pleaſure* of this *Coloſſus*, who now beſtrides the *Engliſh Empire*, will neither be able to re-unite AMERCA, nor prevent the *Weſt Indin Colonies* from adhering to their brethren on the continent, from whom alone they can expect ſupport. The name of *Bute* cannot repell the united force of *France* and *Spain*, reſtore peace and comerce, raiſe a yearly revenue of *ſix milions* for the wanton carnage in AMERICA, quiet the approaching diſcontents in *Ireland*; allay the ferments of a civil war in *England*, or prevent another *revolution*.

CASCA.

P. S. *Queries* addreſſed to *Lord North*, oſtenſible prime miniſer of Great Britain.

Your lordſhip having attempted to defend the late treaty with the Landgrave of *Heſſe Caſſel* upon principles of *œconomy* and *policy*. Query whether your lordſhip meant to contend for *truth*, or, according to your *American* politics, for *power* only? 2dly. whether it is *œconomy* to increaſe the *national debt*, and grievous taxes, unleſs for national benefit? 3dly If no benefit whatever poſſibly can (but the greateſt *miſchiefs* muſt) ariſe from the invaſions, and ſlaughters in America, is it *policy* to perſevere? As plain common ſenſe muſt anſwer the two latter queries in the negative, your lordſhip will permit me to add two more.

Query, when we conſider your lordſhip's argument, founded upon good *œconomy* and good *policy*; which muſt we be moſt aſtoniſhed at, the matchleſs *impudence*, or the wanton *inhumanity* of *adminiſtration*.

Query, how long will *England* patienty bear theſe *inſults*, and ſtill continue, ſervilely and baſely, to contribute thus to the *maſſacre* of her fellow ſubjects in AMERCA, and to her own inevitable ruin?

Printed and Publiſhed for the AUTHORS by T. W. SHAW, Fleet-Street, oppoſite Anderton's Coffee-Houſe, where Letters to the Publiſher will be thankfully received.